

[Hospital Room]

[?]

JUL 6 1939

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Clarence Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton Street

DATE June 14, 1939

SUBJECT Doctor's Interview

1. Date and time of interview
2. Place of interview Hospital Room
3. Name and address of informant
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

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6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

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NEW YORK

FORM C

TEXT OF INTERVIEW (UNEDITED)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Clarence Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton Street

DATE June 14, 1939

SUBJECT Doctor's Interview REVOLT

When I was working at City Hospital we used to have an annual ceremony called running short on the budget. Then the chief would start cutting down on the wonderful meals the patients and doctors had been having all along and announce that the last few weeks of the fiscal year would be celebrated by the eating of a stew.

This time he decided to give out an order that everybody was to get no more than half a pint of milk daily, including that for cereal and coffee. Well, I boiled up at that. I promptly sat down and wrote out a hundred slips for a special increase in the allowance. So they sent down a special investigating committee and took away half the allowances and I got a bawling out. Just the thing to get me still hotter. When the patients asked me about the milk I didn't mince my words. I told them just why they weren't getting any milk. So they got sore as hell and began demanding proper [rations?]. Then I went to the chief and told him

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I was having a lot of trouble convincing the patients that half a pint of milk was a perfect diet for them. He looked at me kind of funny as though 2 he wanted to bust me in the nose. Then he began to roar, "If any of those people think they can behave like agitators here, send them up to see me," and so forth, and so forth.

That was all I needed. You know the Beggars Opera. Well I got the oldest crocks together, everybody who hadn't been out of bed for the last 700 years, and I explained the situation to them. I told them it was the only way. They caught on beautifully. In ten minutes the whole ward was empty and the halls were full of old man and women on crutches, and in wheel chairs or staggering down to the big chief's.

In half an hour I get a call from the office. Slimy Bill is yelling, "What the hell are those people from your ward doing here? They're disgracing my office. This has never happened before in the history of the hospital." I told him. "I only did exactly what you told me to do. If you can't take it give them their milk back."

"All right, but for Chrissake get them the hell out of my office." So I went down and told them, "Let's go, boys and girls, you got your milk." Boy did they let out a cheer for me!